



No Union with Slaveholders!

THE U. S. CONSTITUTION IS "A COVENANT WITH DEATH
AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL."

OF 'YES! IT CANNOT BE DENIED!—the slaveholding
lords of the South prescribed, as a condition of their
assent to the Constitution, three special provisions to
SECURE THE PERPETUITY OF THEIR DOMINION OVER THEIR
SLAVES. The first was the immunity, for twenty years,
of property of the African slave trade; the second was
THE STIPULATION TO SUBSEQUENT POSITIVE SLAVES—an
engagement positively prohibited by the laws of God,
delivered from Sinai; and, thirdly, the exception, fatal
to the principles of popular representation, of a re-
presentation for SLAVES—for articles of merchandise, under
the name of persons. . . . In fact, the oppressor repre-
sented the oppressed! . . . To call government thus con-
stituted a democracy, is to insult the understanding of
mankind. It is doubly tainted with the infection of
riches and slavery. Its reciprocal operation upon the
government of the nation is to establish an artificial
majority in the slave representation over that of the
free people, in the American Congress; and THEREBY
TO MAKE THE PRESERVATION, PROPAGATION AND PERPETU-
ATION OF SLAVERY THE VITAL AND ANIMATING SPIRIT
OF THE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT."—John Quincy Adams.

REFUGE OF OPPRESSION.

THE BLESSINGS OF SLAVERY.

Extract from a shallow, impudent, and thoroughly unscrupulous work, entitled "SOCIOLOGY OF THE SOUTH; or, The Fallure of Free Society (!)—by George Fitzgugh, of New Royal, Virginia!"—

"At the slaveholding South, all is peace, quiet, industry and contentment. We have no mobs, no strikes, no strikes for higher wages, no trade unions, no strikes against the law, but little jealousy of the rich resistance to the poor. We have but few in our ranks who are the poorer in our poor houses. We produce enough of the comforts and necessities of life for our population three or four times as numerous as ourselves. We are wholly exempt from the torrent of pauperism, crime, agrarianism, and political dissension which is the plague of the North. Population increases so rapidly already everywhere North. Population increases slowly, weakly rapidly. In the tide water region of Eastern Virginia, as far as our experience extends, the crops have doubled in fifteen years, whilst the population has been almost stationary. In the same period, the lands, owing to improvements of the soil and better cultivation, have nearly doubled in value. The crops have nearly doubled in this ratio of improvement has been appreciated or exceeded wherever in the Southern States are numerous. We have enough for the

ant, and no Malchusian spectres frightening the future. Wealth is more equally distributed than at the North, where a few millionaires own most of the property. These millionaires know how to make money, but not how to use it, they know for the benefit of themselves or their (shaky) High intellectual and moral attainments, refinement of head and heart, give standing to a man in the South, however poor he may be. The negro, with few exceptions, the only thing that resembles at the North. We have poor among us, but they are not the degraded and ignorant, the ignorant, crowded cities because lands are abundant and their owners kind, merciful and hospitable. The poor are as hospitable as the rich, the negro is as white man. Nobody dreams of turning a friend, a relative, or a stranger from his door. The poor negro who deems it no crime to steal, would rather sell his humanity. We have no loafers, because the poor relative or friend who borrows our money must be a good man, and a good man is a good guest. The loose economy, the wasteful mode of living at the South, is a blessing when more fully considered: it keeps want, scarcity and famine at a distance, because it leaves room for retrenchment. The nice, accurate economy of France, England and New England, keeps society always on the verge of famine, because it leaves no room for retrenchment. The South is the only place where they now consume. Our society exhibits no appearance of precarity, no symptoms of decay. A long course of continuing improvement is in prospect before us, with no limits which human foresight can descry. Actual liberty and equality with our white population have been approached more nearer than in the free States. Few of our negroes work as free laborers, none as cooks, waiters, or domestics.

capacities. One free citizen does not lord it over another; hence that feeling of independence and equality that distinguishes us; hence that pride of character, that self-respect, that gives us nobility when we come in contact with North or South. It is a distinction to be a Southerner, as it was once to be a Virginian.

Virginia we are about to reform our constitution. A fair opportunity will be afforded to draw a wider line of distinction between freemen and slaves, to elevate higher the condition of the citizen, to inspire every white man with pride of rank and position. We should do more for education. We should educate half of society; at the present we attempt to educate all. We should have time for self-education, for reading and reflection. Nobody works long hours. We should prohibit the exercise of mechanic arts to slaves (except on their master's farm) and to free Negroes.

We should extend the right of suffrage to Virginians, and to Southerners who have come to Virginia in the twenty-one years of age. We should permit no foreign-born slave to become a citizen until he has resided in the State, to vote in elections. We should have a small, well-drilled militia, to take the place of the patrol and the present useless militia system. All men of property should serve on juries without regard to property qualification. Thus we should re-organize our Government.

For the purpose of the present, I have written this hurriedly, and I have not time to say more.

We have cultivated and improved their minds, and
 requiring them all to take part in the administra-
 tion of justice and of government. We should thus
 be justly as honorable as it was in Greece and
 Rome, for to be a Virginian would be a high dis-
 tinction, and should confer wealth or title could bestow. We
 should be as proud of our free-born and free-reared
 sons for our love of liberty and magnanimity as
 we should be happy in the confidence that our posterity
 would never occupy the place of slaves, as half
 the nation must ever do in free society. Until the
 last ten years, our great error was to imitate
 the tyrannical laws, customs and institutions. Our
 circumstances were all opposed to theirs, that what-
 ever suits them is adapted to us. At that time, in truth, we distrusted our social
 system. We thought slavery morally wrong, we
 thought it would not last, we thought it unprofit-
 able. The Abolitionists assailed us: we looked
 more closely into our circumstances: became satis-
 fied that slavery was morally right, that it would
 continue longer existing than we were profitable as
 it was humane. This began to comfort us. We
 said, Since then, our improvement has been
 rapid. Now we may safely say, that we are the
 happiest, most contented and prosperous people
 on earth. The intermeddling of foreign pseudo-
 philanthropists in our affairs, though it has occa-
 sioned great irritation, and indignation, has been
 of inestimable advantage in forming

estimate of our condition. This intermeddling will cease; the poor at home in thunder demand their whole attention and all their elasticity. Self-preservation will compel them to their own demands. Moreover, light is breaking in upon our eyes abroad. All parties in England now agree to the truth of the horrors of the slave-trade has greatly aggravated its horrors, and at last dimming the trade itself. We propose to withdraw her feet from the African coast. We have already given notice that she will withdraw hers. America will follow the example. The emancipation of the slaves in the West Indies is the first step towards the same object. The late masters have been ruined, the slave-trade refused, the slave-trade has returned to the savage state, and England has sustained a severe blow in the present dimming and prospective annihilation of the once enormous import from her West Indian colonies. In conclusion, we will repeat the propositions, and somewhat different phrasing, with which we

set out. First—That Liberty and Equality, with their concomitant Free Competition, beget a war

in society that is as destructive to its weaker members as the custom of exposing the deformed and crippled children. Secondly—That slavery promotes the degradation of the race, and the ruin of the relations of parent, guardian and husband, and is, as necessary, as natural, and almost as universal, as those relations.

THE NEW REPUBLICAN PARTY.

‘I see nothing national in most of the political combinations of the day. Certainly, that most recent of the wretched formations—that which calls itself ‘Republican,’ for no reason that I can discover but because it proposes to represent and take care of one-half with the Republic only as a principle of hostility to the other half—cannot pretend to have the first element of nationality about it. If that party is national, judged by its own platform and the recorded sentiments of its leading organs and advocates, then it is because the Union can be perfected by setting one-half of the country against the other; but the latter has just established by labelling the judiciary and trampling on constitutional laws domestic tranquillity insured by servile insurrections, the common defence provided for by civil war, the general welfare promoted by intestine commotions, and the blessings of liberty secured to us—the white race of the country—and our posterity, by the overthrow, all

of popular liberty ever devised in any system of Government since the world began.

For the first time, a party of purely sectional character at all formidable in its proportions has arisen in this country. We have had abolition parties, but none considerable enough to create much alarm. Now, for the first time, we have a party organization, certainly of no mean pretensions, able of doing anything that it pleases, and claiming to be able to rouse the whole North to united action on the single sentiment of hostility to the other half of the Union on account of Slavery. It expects to absorb the main strength of the two great parties, Whig and Democratic, into itself. It claims to have had already the formal surrender of the Whig party in this State ; and it looks with apprehension on the political agencies of the party in keeping, have been bold enough to pretend to make such surrender.

It numbers among its candidates for the fall election in this State, several Democrats of considerable mark. It looks, besides, no doubt, for support from the various stripes of Abolitionists, and it may draw largely upon our foreign population. It appeals to fanaticism, and will treat itself as a party of religious sympathies, with it that sort of force hostility to Slavery which can be satisfied with nothing short of sacrificing to that one feeling and consideration, all other political issues, duties, and obligations whatsoever. It is not to be denied or doubted that this new party is having some success—enough at least to demand the serious observation and attention of the community. It is not to be denied or doubted that it is successful, I am bound to say that I think it deserves but much exorcism, as a bold menace to the integrity of the Union, such as cannot be justified or excused, unless treason can be justified or excused.

qued."—Letter of Hon. D. D. Barnard, of N. Y.

SELECTIONS.

From the National Era.

AN UNSCRUPULOUS CALUMNIATOR.

Before closing our comments on the letter from the Hon. D. D. Barnard, we would direct attention to a portion of it, more treasonous and wicked than any menace ever hurled from the lips of slaveholders. Speaking of the Republicans, he says :—

' I think a political party based solely on the Anti-Slavery sentiment of the North is essentially and necessarily an instrument for dissolving the Union of these States,—whether we may or may not so intend. I think the triumph of such a party in a Presidential election would be *ipso facto* a dissolution of the Union ; and for one I do not profess to be simple enough to believe that some of those who are engaged in this movement do not see as clearly as I do that I do not think such a party can really command the whole North in the next election for President—which is, of course, precisely what it aims and proposes to do—it can have but one antagonist, namely, a Southern party, based on the principle of self-preservation. But everybody knows that the non-slaveholding States have an overwhelming majority of the electoral votes, and, whether the South should go into the contest or not, (and it

probably would not," the result would be the election, in the North, of a President who would not be a slaveholder. But the North who could no more make an Administration for the whole United States, than a Governor of the smallest State in the Union could do the same thing. Such a President could never cross the Potomac or enter the capital of the Union, nor could any Administration of his be sustained. It would be the duty of the South to defend the soil of any slave State, unless to carry the desolation of war into its borders.

This man is guilty of encouraging rebellion and treason. He virtually invokes civil war. His infamous prediction is in effect an invitation to a minority, fairly and honestly elected, to resist the majority, and to defy and to overthrow the Constitution and Union. He is the first Northern man who has blackened this soil by giving countenance to a Treason, that no Slavery-Propagandist has yet dared to suggest.

Southern men, representing Southern views of Slavery, have been elected to the Presidency, and what a National Convention has elected to the Vice-Presidency! It is a prediction that the North would never endure such a violation—that the Southern President-elect should never be permitted to enter the Presidential mansion? Suppose Wise or Davis, or even Atchison himself, the very impersonation of Vandalism, should be nominated for the Slavery Party for the Presidency, and the Union and the Republic should be so nearly as to cry out, in alarm: "the election of such a man will be a disaster."

[illegible]

to right the wrong. We shall oppose any further aggressions on your part; but if you succeed in

them, we shall submit. We expect you to unite the South always for Slavery; but as the union of the Free States for Freedom would be secured, we shall not resist its extension. You may elect what Presidents you please, and we pledge you the acquiescence of the North; but you will not of course tolerate the election of a man pledged against the domination of the Slave Power, we will not suffer it. Much as we dislike Slavery—and what Northern man loves it!—we shall forego our opposition to you in your determination to extend Slavery. We will not oppose you in Slavery-extension, and wage war alone upon that traitorous Republican Party which seeks to prohibit the extension of slavery, and wrest the Federal Government from your power. To the death we swear ourselves your allies, and their foes.

This is the detestable position occupied by the Southern Members of Congress, their accomplices, and their deluded followers. It is to such men, and such counsels, that we owe Pro-Slavery Propagandism, Nullification, the manifold usurpations, the insolence, and overshadowing tyranny of the Slave Power. To such men and such counsels, we owe the division, consequent weakness, and abject subservience of the Free States. It is they who, by their policy, have made this Union a mockery of Slavery and Freedom, will have to answer to God and the world for its crimes and deceptions.

From the National Anti-Slavery Standard.

NATIONAL CONVENTION OF COLORED MEN.

The following resolutions, among others, were adopted by the Convention of Colored Men, lately held in Philadelphia:—

Resolved, That Education, the great elevator of mind, is what we need, and what we must have, to place us on an equal footing with other men, and we will improve such opportunities as are afforded us to secure it for ourselves and our children.

Resolved, That, in the first place, our people be made to feel the necessity of securing real estate, and that it requires union with us, as a people, to sustain each other, that we obtain the great object which is in our view, viz : our social, civil and political rights, and that we encourage our people in agricultural pursuits on lands and on their own.

Resolved, That we rejoice in the legislative act of Massachusetts, by which her common schools are open to every class of her citizens, believing that the school-room is, when really free, the greatest leveller of all species of prejudice.

Resolved, That as no one class can elevate another, so we believe that all the general plans for the elevation of the colored people, unless National Conventions will fail of their purpose, unless the people realize the necessity of individual application and effort.

Resolved, That we recommend to our mothers and sisters to use every honorable means to secure for their sons and brothers, places of profit and trust in stores, and other places of business, such as they can obtain, and that in this pursuit, they shall, in coming time, reflect honor on those who have laid the corner-stone to our platform of improvement.

Resolved, That we use our influence to prevent our boys from taking employment in cities at places of amusement, where marked distinction on account of color is made the order of exercises.

Resolved, That, considering the relative position of our country in the career of the world, the real producers of the wealth of the nation in this country, we therefore recommend to all our youth, of both sexes, to learn some useful trade or some mechanical art, as a means of doing away with prejudice against color, and thus show to the world that we aspire to, and can arrive at, the highest rank in the career of the nation, and civil and social oppression have departed us.

Resolved, That this Convention gladly seize the opportunity of expressing toward Passmore Williamson their sincere admiration for his fidelity to principle, and his heroic devotion to the cause of freedom, and they beg him to accept for himself and his injured and bereaved family, our warmest regards and most fervent sympathy.

Resolved, That Mr. Williamson, by his promptness on this, as on all occasions when called upon to fly to the aid of the slave, when striving for his freedom, has entitled himself to the highest regard and warmest admiration of every man who has a heart to appreciate the value of freedom, or despise the chains of oppression.

Resolved, That five delegates be appointed to wait upon and present to Mr. Williamson this

Whereas, every man and woman are by right the owners of themselves, and, except under legal contract voluntarily entered into, or to appease justice violated by crime, this right cannot be taken from all laws; and the laws which allow the Fugitive Slave Bills to reclaim them, to the contrary notwithstanding ; therefore,

Resolved, That this Convention approve of, and honor the conduct of Ballard, Curtis, Bradcock, Still, Martin and Moore, who bore off, in the face of difficulty, Jane Johnson and her children, from the clutches of their oppressors, and thus saved to the fugitives what had been robbed of, her own and her children's freedom.

The following named persons were announced to form the Committee to visit Passmore Williamson: Robert Purvis, Pa.; John S. Rock, M. D. Mass.; George T. Downing, Jr., L.; Stephen Myers, N. Y.; and R. H. Freeman, N. J.; Stephen, Colored College, N. C.

It was not approved by the Convention. While the subject was under consideration, Frederick Douglass said :

' From the assurances made to me by Mrs. Stowe, fully expected that on her return we should have sufficient funds to make a start in the college, but the Garrisonian Abolitionists had sent her packs of letters, and asked her to write papers to prevent the construction being put upon it as favoring the cause of the school, towards it. They argued that

we should not have such an Institution as long as there were slaves in the country, but in this I think they had the cart before the horse, for it is my impression that every blow struck by a blacksmith at the North lightens the chains of the three millions held in bondage at the South. He thought that he could have collected \$10,000, but he has not the time, for he has to send a weekly paper to control one, that was formerly partially supported by the Abolitionists, but they had withheld their support, because the right to vote as well as to speak was advocated in its columns. Colored people read the *Ledger* in Philadelphia, the *Herald* in New York, but they did not sustain their own papers."

[It is hardly necessary to say that Mrs. Stowe, in the disposition of the future conduct of her, acted in accordance with the dictates of her own judgment and conscience. The insinuation that the 'Garrisonians' have interfered in the matter with a purpose hostile to the colored people is a mere outburst of Mr. Douglass's unbecoming malice.—E. S. STANFORD]

THE SLAVE-HUNTER AND HIS DOOM.

The following thrilling extract is taken from the new and soul-stirring work, entitled "CASTS: A Story of Republican Equality," by Sydney A. Story, Jr.—just published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston:—

Kissy found her way without difficulty to the lonely house where her husband lay, feverish and groaning with pain and thirst, for there was no water nearer than the river, and he had not wet his lips since the morning of the day on which the illness occurred which disabled him from walking.

Braving the danger of discovery in being seen by any chance traveller, the devoted wife took the pail in which she had brought her provisions, and went to the river for water, with which she happily returned without meeting any one. The refreshing draught of water, which she administered to her sufferer, and wet bandages constantly applied to his bruised and swollen limb reduced the inflammation so much that in a day or two the tormenting pain had nearly subsided, and he was able to hobble about the rooms by the help of a crutch, which he contrived to make from a piece of the fence which Kissy brought him.

But Kissy kept her knowledge carefully concealed in the day-time; for though the vicinity was without inhabitants, the county road ran through it, and travellers often passed that way. The miserable day-labourers plodded to market with their scanty

hundreds of fables, behind shadowy caricatures of horses, or skeleton mules, so starved and weak that they were scarcely leaping for support against the wall, rather than darting forward. The light shone brightly on the load was placed. From such creatures there was nothing to fear. They were too stupid to think, and too superstitious to dare, any invasion of the haunted premises.

But pleasure parties sometimes drove by, waking the echoes with their mirth, and stopping to gather bouquets from the flowers which still flourished in the garden. The old woman, who had grown so familiar with the place, cast curious glances at the closed windows, and sometimes peeped into the silent dwellings.

But at evening and early morning, the fugitive and his wife could venture forth securely; and when a little experience had abated their fears of visitors from the unseen world, they grew cheerful and happy, and again and again blessed the kind young hearts that had provided for them this asylum.

Several days had passed thus, when, as they sat together at the window of an upper room late one evening, they saw a carriage approach, and stop at the gate; and through the starlight glow, Kissy recognized "Miss Hubert," as he descended from it, and entered the house. She lighted a candle—and the next morning, when the sun shone brightly—and went down to show him the way up stairs.

He was standing at the hall door which he had pushed half open, and was about to call her, when he saw the gleam of the candle dimly lighting her dusky face, as she shaded it with her hand from the draft of air, and he smiled to think that she looked as weird and gnome-like as any of the inhabitants of which fancy had invested the place.

"Hello, Kissy! how d'ye do?" The ghosts haven't carried you off, yet I don't see much as he came near.

[illegible]

Yes and urged his horse forward in another direction. But second thought arrested his headlong career: and, pausing, he looked back, and at length turned his horse, and guided him slowly towards the light.

'I've heard the old' stories about this place, and I've thought to myself, "and sometimes I've thought I saw light 'round the houses, but it was most always the moon shining on some pane of glass, or something of' that kind,—but there ain't any moon to-night, and there's certainly the steadiest light I ever saw, and I should like to know if there really is such goings on here as the "liggers" say." I've heard that the "liggers" for a time was coming nearer he saw the horse and low buggy standing at the road side, not far from the house. "Hang it!" if I ever knew before that ghosts came out of the other world with a real horse and carriage. I always thought they were like cherubs, all head and shoulders, with white sheets, perhaps with a particular "ligger" for sitting down, and a "ligger" for driving horses. These must be new-fashioned kind of 'fellers, and hang me if I don't make a peep at 'em."

So saying, he dismounted, and leading his horse into the field where the shadow of an outbuilding secured him from observation, he crept cautiously towards the rear door of the farmhouse. The door was open, and he saw the light from the window from which the light still gleamed, and which the hinge being broken, stood

Listening here, he heard the faint sound of voices, and beginning to believe that they proceeded from mortal and not spiritual beings, he silently ascended, till he could see the light against the small-paned chamber door, and distinguish on the wall opposite the door, which were certainly cast by something as substantial as flesh and blood. Chuckling inaudibly at his discovery, he slipped off his shoes, and crept on tiptoe along the entry and behind the door, where he could hear all that was said, and through the crack got a glimpse of the persons present.

He was just gathering her things together, in preparation for her departure, and Habert was giving some last directions.

"Pears like I'll be powerful lonesome here to-night after you go," said Michel. "Couldn't Kissy stay till mornin'!"

"I could walk home, you know," Kissy added, looking up at him, as she paused, with her hand on her husband's shoulder.

4 No, you had better come with me now. Michel must leave here early, in order to get to the depot

season. You understand, Michel,' Hubert repeated, 'just how you are situated; for, if questioned, you'll want to say any thing you can, and can't verify it. You know, says Colonel Bore about you, but he's not at home; and I have written to your late owner, offering to buy you running since that scoundrel who was after you suspected me of concealing you. I have received no answer, but as he will doubtless accept my offer, I have no hesitation in saying that you belong to me, and in consequence, you shall be sold to-morrow morning, and the train comes along to-morrow morning, and you had better plan your walk so as not to wait there long. You have been advertised; so the less attention you attract, the better; but if any one should recognize and arrest you before I get there, you can show the paper I have given you, and insist that you are still comest. They won't think of disputing my word of course. You must be perfectly safe; only be sure to let nothing hinder you from being on the spot at the moment, for the cars wait for nobody. I wish there was some way for you to ride; but that can't be done, without letting some one else into the secret, which would not be advisable. I will let you know when I shall be back, dat, massa. I can walk to de scrutch berry well dat far; de Lord bless you for all de goodness you 'ave showed a poor 'blighted nigger. One dese days, massa, when I gets well, you'll see you won't be sorry,' he added, drawing

He formed to it utmost height, and inflating his chest as if to express the swelling emotions that filled his soul.

Well, I don't know as I object to the Lord's blessing, and you must try to do as well as you can,' said Hubert, trying to speak carelessly, to hide his own feelings, which were much affected. Come, now,' he added, 'it is time to be off. I will give you just two minutes to say good by, and then Kissy must come with me.'

He walked into the entry, and waited till Kissy came. He stood a little while, he stood so close to his mortal enemy, that it was only by a strong effort the latter suppressed his desire to stab him to the heart. Nothing but the hope that he was reserved for greater suffering, and more exquisite reward, saved the life of Hubert at that unguarded moment.

And Kissy came, wiping away her tears, and followed by Michel, who hobbled along to hold her candles for them.

'Be sure you put the light in that corner, where nobody can't see it out doors,' said Kissy, looking back to where he stood at the head of the stairs.

'That is a wise precaution,' added Hubert: 'for ye might be dark, and a light shows a good way. Make care of yourself, boy, and be sure and meet me at the depot.'

'Yes, master,' by t'ee, Kissy: you'll har' great gains of me, one dese yer days,' Michel cried, cheerfully, and turned back to his solitary room.

They had shut the door in going out, and the perfect silence that succeeded had in it something appalling. He had placed the light in a shaded room, where its dim rays hardly lit the intense darkness of the lonely place, but it was not the darkness that Hubert feared. That seemed insupportable to him. He placed himself near the window, as in the touch of the outer air was some comfort.

tion from his fellows : but the darkness and loneliness oppressed him even more than before ; he grew nervous and excited, and could not help fancying he heard the sound of suppressed breathing, and felt a consciousness of some one near. Unable to resist the impulse which urged him forward, he went into the garden, where he had slept the first night that he came to this place, and, taking the light, had nearly reached the stairs, when he stumbled over the shoes which Bernard had left behind him. Putting down the lamp to examine them, Michael uttered an exclamation of dismay.

"What has happened here? Has anybody done here die night 'sides us; and now may be eberything is lost, and Mass' Hubert got herself into trouble."

"That he will, you rascal, and you, too," said a voice, while a strong grasp seized his coat.

Micheal's heart stood still with mortal fear, and he recoiled and thrumbed against the wall, as if he were daisy, and trembled till he was stiff like a stick.

"Don't be afraid, my friend," said the fiend, "I do not hear Bernard following him, and for a moment he thought Satan, whose domain he half believed himself to have invaded, had suddenly appeared to claim his victim. But when his captor, shaking him roughly, bade him get up, and threatened alternately to have him whipped to death or hanged if he did not give up his master, and to cut him off his head if he did not quietly consent to accompany him there, the poor fellow began to recognize the satanic

manity into whose hands he had fallen; and as he recovered his scattered senses, and gradually rose to his feet, desperation took the place of fear. Since his first exclamation, he had not replied a word; the moral tirade which he now upon him made any resistance as useless; and such a kick which he freely admitted; but now, as he stood face to face with his captor, what thoughts pressed through his brain! what visions of the happiness that had seemed so near, only to make his disappointment more profound and hopeless! The light shone over his companion's face, but his eyes were turned away, and he seemed to look so recklessly have left him free. The latter was armed only with a bowie knife, which he had drawn and held to Michel's throat in the first moment of the seizure; but his craven fear was so obvious, and his submission seemed so entire, that he no longer apprehended danger or resistance, he stood slowly, carelessly looking at his friend, and, without saying a word, looking, talking to himself.

'Ain't there a rope in all this cursed hole! I must have something or other to tie your hands with. How I'm going to get you away from here, don't know. It will take you all night to hobble that lame foot. Hang it, if I don't mean to tie you up, so you can't wince away to hole to hide, till morning, till morning, and such if I had a rope; ain't there any about here? Tell me quick, if you don't want your throat cut.

He held the knife up with a threatening gesture, at held it still carelessly, expecting the mere sight of it to intimidate his crippled and unarmed captive.

But, with a sudden blow from his crutch, Michel struck the knife from his hand, and sprang upon him. It went whizzing far off of reach, and the next instant they closed in deadly conflict.

Bernard was the taller and larger man, but Michel's muscles had been strengthened and hardened by a life of toil, so that he was a match for his antagonist. Not a word was spoken; only their hard breathings broke the silence, as they grappled and strained, and contended, and knew that the struggle was desperate, one fought for life, and one for more, far more than life, and every nerve was tense, and every sinew strong as steel.

For a long time the issue of the combat was doubtful; but at length Bernard stepped with his noble weight upon Michel's wounded foot, and the exquisite pain causing him to relax his hold, an instant, Bernard was able to get his hand under

he handkerchief that was tied loosely round his neck, and twist it to choking tightness. In vain

He struggled the grasp was like that of a vice. He felt himself growing weak, gasping, suffocating; his head reeled, the blood surging to his brain; he saw the light of the world's glory and the sun falling powerlessly, glazed at his cost, and pricked itself against the point of the rude knife which he wore there, concealed in a private pocket. It was strange he had not thought of it before; it was stranger still that, at this moment of benumbing horror, this lightning thought should flash across his mind, nerveing his dying hand to one effort more. He drew the knife, and he then thrust, guided by his dim and glazing eye, and then fell helplessly to the floor.

A faint shriek reached his dull ear; he felt some one fall beside him, and the strangling pressure on his throat relaxed. The light was extinguished, and it was many moments before he would see or hear anything more. He lay dead as an able seaman raises himself upon his elbow and listen. There was no sound; the air was hushed, the darkness intense; of all the world, he seemed to himself at that instant the only living thing. Where, then, was his enemy!

He reached forth his hand, and it touched a face pale, cold, and alippery with blood, and motionless. He laid it on the breast, and knew that the heart had ceased to beat.

A cold sweat covered him; a trembling and horror seized him; it was the recoil of nature from

from murder, even though it be involuntary, and in self-defence. To be thus alone, in darkness, with the corpse of the man he had killed—alone, and with no one to whom he could turn, and fall on his crutch; and, grasping it, he groped his way hurriedly down the stairs, and out the back door into the garden. But, once *safe* under the kindly starlight, breathed upon by the free air, and her thoughts came to him; and, remembering the awful peril he had escaped, and the good he had secured, now beaming more brightly than ever before, his mental eye, a stern sense of triumph, glared his soul, a vengeful joy that nerve and thrill in him.

He returned to the house, and, having found the bundle, succeeded after some effort in lighting it, with matches which fortunately he happened to have in his pocket. It had been lying in a pool of blood, and the wick spotted enough to smoke a while before it could burn clearly enough to enliven the wick, and he had heaved it up, and lit it.

On the floor Bernard lay stretched upon his back, apparently he did not move a muscle after he fell, or his arms were thrown out wide, and the knife was still sticking in his eye, through which its point had pierced to the brain, and caused instant death.

Michel gazed at him long time; he wiped away the blood which covered his dead face, and then he remembered those features, and recognized the person he had killed. 'It ain't no sin to kill at yer. I see yeen now,' (shaking his fist at the corpse); 'I seen yer, wid de gods, arter de niggers; and de Lord knows how many poor souls' sides my. If I s'aved from harm now, dan death dis night, you can't do no more harm now, an' it 'll be some time afore any body finds out how 'twas de devil done it.'

Here, a sudden, thought, struck him. What if

one, knowing Bernard was coming this way, would miss him from his accustomed haunts, and track him here? What if Massa Hubert had been coming this way and going there, in this time night? Michel knew that they had quarreled, but he knew that the quarrel was not as known, might not the circumstantial evidence point suspicion to his friend? He knew little of the forms of law, but his own sagacity told him it could be better for all if the murdered man was never found.

But, how to hide him! He had no tools to dig a grave, even if he could carry a body down stairs, and which would be difficult, and then a grave would be easily discovered in that soil, and here were faces of blood, which he had no time or means to flee. As he rejected one plan after another, his reliance on the candle, which was burning low, and an instant his determination was fixed.

The pieces of the broken step-ladder which had occasioned his missing him, he picked up, and he placed them together in a spot where the draught of air from the door and window caused the candle to burn most violently. There were some broken buttons, which he could tear from the windows, and one door that was off its hinges. He placed these around in such a way as to catch the flame, and then taking the bowie knife, he cut off his own fingers, which he placed in the fire, and then, through the door, then under the pile, tipped the can-

so that the flame caught them, and left it thus upon the floor.

All was as dry as tinder, and the little flame expanded, and curled, and sprang up higher to seize larger bits of wood. He waited to see that his work was sure, and then went down, through the darkness, and out into the field, looking back now and then to note how the flame grew larger and brighter, and sprang from room to room, flashing about heavy hangings of cobwebs, which it had taken years for time to spin, and licking the dust upon the quaint mouldings and carvings—a zealous trifler, that destroyed what it cleansed.

When he was at a safe distance, he paused, and leaning on a fence near, he gazed at the conflagration. He found him to be the night, now at its most dusky and witching hour; but, though he had formerly suffered so much from superstitious fears, the stern realities of the present had calmed him and made him bold. The air was heavy and oppressive in its stagnant quiet, and the darkness seemed almost tangible, like a veil drawn between the earth and the millions of stars that shone in the blue sky. The crescent moon hung over the horizon with a faint, ghastly light, as if she sickened of the sights she might see in the world across whose zenith her path lay.

Clearer and brighter the flames shone out through the windows, and the cracks of the closed shutters,

smoke and sparks poured out to the chimney, with a roar as if renewing again the old times, when festive voices made merry music around the hearthstone, and the house was illumined for the joys of Christmas cheer.

Glowing every moment more vividly, the blaze swept from room to room; and at length it rushed on the windows, it pressed out through the roof, wrapped the chimneys, it ran along the scorching and dying vines, scintillating, flashing, irradiating with its glare all the murky landscape around. When the roof fell in, the walls dropped away, the burning fire consumed the flimsy skeleton of the house, the ignited mass, and the flames began to crackle, leaping, and coarsening, rose in long, leazy tongues of fire, that gradually grew feebler and lower, until all was consumed which could give them vitality; their life and vigor went out, and when darkness and the night resumed their silent reign, nothing remained to tell how Robert Bernard, the slave hunter, had perished from the earth.

From the Boston Evening Telegraph.

BEFORE AND AFTER ELECTION.

We begin this morning with the *Bee*, for we think its leader must be a refreshing one for anti-slavery men. We give a few (only) of its choice sentences:

"Great as was the personal triumph of Mr. Gardner on the 6th of November, the greatest victory of the auspicious day was that of national love over party prejudice."

The moral of this campaign blazes out from the confusion of the field. It is an emphatic protest by Massachusetts against having her heartfelt anti-slavery sentiments carried out to sedition. It is a thundering declaration that, however her anti-slavery feeling is to be manifested or not, she will not have Wilson & Co. to be her opponents, mouthpieces and Captains in so doing. She means to be anti-slavery, but she is determined to be anti-Wilson.

The principles of the veto of the 'Personal Liberty Bill' are gloriously sustained. Gov. Gardner branded his veto on the late *Register* of its life. *Essex* Senator Rockwell did not decline an executive commission under it, and by 20,000 voices Massachusetts declares that she prefers and she wants, not the commissioner, but the Governor, to rule over her. Senator Sumner stood up in our famous old hall, consecrated to freedom by Massachusetts, and with either brazen effrontery or unqualified ignorance, rebuked our people that the only question in this State election was, 'Are you for Liberty, or are you for Slavery?' Why, if he isn't too much absorbed in reading the glorifications of his 'Mutual Admiration Society' in England, hasn't he seen enough of Massachusetts to know that every mother's son of us, north of the blue-lav boundary of Rhode Island, and south of the blue-lav boundary of New Hampshire, is for Liberty, or are you for Slavery? Yes, everybody, from the patriarch old enough to have seen Washington, to the child young enough to know only its mother. We drink in the inspiration of freedom with every breath we draw. (!) We are over-enthusiastic, 'airing our vocabulary' in a patriotic up and, yet Charles Sumner himself has the only question in mind, whether we 'love liberty, or love slavery.'

While, then, Massachusetts abhors Sectionalism, and will not let her anti-slavery feeling run away with her to sedition; while she is horrified at having Henry Wilson to speak for her in the National Senate, and has eagerly taken the first chance to elect a man who will not speak for her, she would be vastly mistaken, who should suppose that the anti-slavery feeling which inflamed the breasts of 80,000 Americans last year, has this year languished at all. (!) No, it is a dominant feeling still; its motto, 'America must be free,' ranges up its side with the great design which signifies to all the political world, 'America must be free.' But she wishes her opposition to slavery to be constitutionally pronounced. She does not wish to move to the triumph of her principles over the necks of honest judges, however mistaken they may be, over the Constitution bequeathed to us with the life-blood of the Father of his Country, and under the lead of men whose countenance that Father of his Country would have turned away with disgust and dismay. (!)

The great Whig party whose fragments were gathered up and laid in place, after Moore's administration, is in ruins. Just here and now it enjoys a brief flicker of existence, buoyed up by the splendid genius and repute of two of its great names; but men are looking about for substantial constitutional timber, to make plank out of, to build up a National homestead big enough for every body who truly hates Slavery and loves Law, and who thinks at least as much of America with her magnificent career, as of his private pocket. Let the American party only stand firm to resistance to Slavery, without such an illustrious name, and it would be as good as dead. Government is meant to protect, vast accessions may be gained, and the triumph will be as permanent as it is complete. Long after the insect race of Burlingtonians shall have ceased their false-hearted buzzing for Freedom, the great party will be, by the operation of wise measures, and the steady pushing on the boundaries of Freedom toward the Gulf of Mexico. (!)

Staggered and reeling under the blows given it in the house of its friends, the American party has rushed, almost without leaders, to a noble victory. Her ranks have been purged and decimated from the hypocrites who have deceived and deceived her; from the 'Judge who soils the crumple,' to the traitor who buys the Senatorship. Now let wisdom rule the hour, and we shall see how steadily 'Americans shall rule America.'

We think we have quoted enough from this article. We now give the following extracts from an article published in the same paper before the election:

"What has the American Party of Massachusetts done for Freedom and Morality? Elected Henry Wilson to the United States Senate. What has the American Party of Massachusetts done for Freedom and Morality? Elected its chieftain delegation of United States Representatives, who are a unit upon the question of Anti-Slavery."

What has the American Party of Massachusetts done for Freedom and Morality? Passed, through its State Legislature, the *Personal Liberty Bill*. An act which no other State ever has, or dares pass."

What has the American Party of Massachusetts done for Freedom and Morality?

Resolved—That the action of the legislative, executive and judicial departments of government ought to be controlled by the principle taught by the framers and purest interpreters of the Constitution—that 'freedom is national, and slavery sectional.'

That the rights of the country and stability to the Union must be sought by relieving the general government—so far as its jurisdiction extends—of all connection with and accountability for American slavery."

That the independence and sovereignty of the State, in its legislative and judiciary, should be maintained inviolate."

That the great barrier to slavery ruthlessly broken down by the repeal of the Missouri Prohibition ought to be speedily restored, and that in any event, no State, erected from any part of the territory covered by that compromise, ought to be admitted into the Union as a slave State."

That the rights of actual settlers in the territories to the free and undisturbed exercise of their elective franchise, granted to them by the laws under which they are organized, should be promptly protected by the national executive, wherever violated or threatened."

What has the American Party of Massachusetts done for Freedom and Morality? Called down upon itself the sneers and denunciations from the ENTIRE opposition press of Massachusetts and elsewhere, North and South, East and West, for what is termed the abolition, fanatical, narrow-minded, illiberal policy of the Know Nothings."

Here are the fruits of one year, the last year, in which Mr. Dana says Massachusetts has gone behind other States. What other State, we should like to be informed, has advanced beyond Massachusetts in the cause of Freedom and Morality? There is not one. And if Mr. Dana had reflected for a moment, he would not have allowed himself to have made so unjust an assertion. The American Party of Massachusetts, and we assert it without fear of contradiction, has done more, in—indeed more words—for the cause of human freedom than any other State, or by any other party, whether Whig, Democratic, Free Soil, Abolition, Liberty or Republican, that ever had an existence in this Commonwealth. They never did anything but pass resolutions and utter big smooth words. The American Party has done everything, and left nothing to be done, at least this season."

The *Bee* complained, at the time this article appeared, that we did not copy it. We laid it aside, thinking the time would come, and now it has come, and by its publication the gross deception and hypocrisy of the paper in which it appeared is fully exposed."

From the Richmond (Va.) Whig.

THE AMERICAN PARTY.

The American party, which is the most conservative and national of all Northern parties—unless the handful of Hards and Straight Whigs may constitute an exception—has exhibited a strength and a determination in the late election, of which the most sanguine of its friends had hardly dreamed. It presents a bold, compact front, in opposition to sectionalism and Sewardism; and upon

this issue, especially in New York, it waged the contest and won the victory. The Seward organ at Albany—the *Evening Journal*—only the day before the election, undertook to describe the difference between platforms of the various parties then in the field, and said that the American party was substantially a pro-slavery party; that is, that unlike all other parties in that State, except the Hards, it was in favor of the admission of slave States equally with free. And this, be it remembered, is the only point at issue between the North and South. All other parties and factions at the North, except the Americans and Hards, are opposed now and forever—so run their declarations—to the admission of any more slave States into the Union. The question, we repeat, whether Congress shall assume the right to exclude a State because it is a slaveholding State, is the only practical question now at issue between the South and North. And the American party being sound on this question, there is no difficulty in the way to a thorough re-organization of the party. North and South, upon this just and simple basis. We therefore confidently anticipate that the National Philadelphia Convention can and will adopt a platform, which will be acceptable to the party in every State in the Union. And why should it not? Where's the difficulty? No one, North or South, now proposes to disturb any slave State in its position upon the subject of slavery. Not even the Black Republicans—for their purpose, if successful in the late elections, was to nullify it practically, so far as it applies to the Territories, by resisting the admission of any more slave States. The idea of repealing the Nebraska Kansas act was abandoned long since.

From the Savannah Republican, (Know Nothing.)

FUTURE POLICY OF THE AMERICAN PARTY SOUTH.

The Federal Union, in commenting upon a late article of the Republican upon the above text, propounds a certain question, with which it evidently intends to puzzle us. We answer then, distinctly, that should the Cincinnati Convention refuse admission to their deliberations free-soilers and anti-Nebraska democrats, and come out fairly, fully and honestly, in support of the principle of non-intervention, its Northern members vote for it, and a candidate be nominated, pledged, if elected, to make it a test of merit in his appointments to office, and the nominee himself be a man whose past history will justify confidence in his fidelity to that principle, and his ability to administer the government—we say, if these conditions be complied with, (and Southern men should make them an ultimatum,) and the American candidate shall not be placed upon a platform in every respect, we will support him. But should he be placed upon a platform, we shall advise our party in Georgia to abandon the latter, and support the former. If neither party should bring out a candidate under such auspices, we shall advocate the running of a third ticket, so constituted that the South, together with sound national men of all sections and parties, may honorably unite in its support."

LETTER FROM MR. SUMNER.

To the Editors of the Boston Post:

HANCOCK STREET, Nov. 16, 1855.

Sirs—In your paper of yesterday, you are pleased to say, 'When Charles Sumner was at the South, he was silly as possible upon the subject of slavery,' and you then proceed in confirmation of your own words, to quote an article from a Louisville paper, to this effect:—

"At Lexington he first became acquainted with slavery, and such an effect did it on 'him' have upon him, that he could not resist acknowledging to gentlemen of our acquaintance how egregiously he had heretofore been mistaken. It happened, fortunately, that he passed the Sabbath in Lexington, and attended the African Baptist Church. The sight of so many well-dressed and well-behaved slaves opened his eyes. When he saw that they worshipped without molestation or surveillance, he was further astonished, and when he studied their demeanor and countenances, all indicative of perfect happiness and contentment, he could but confess that his previous belief concerning slavery had been based upon information wholly incorrect. * * * In our city (Louisville) Mr. Sumner received the hospitable attention of several of our citizens. * * * While here, his expressions concerning slavery were in terms of agreeable surprise at the state of affairs."

Now, Sirs, to this detailed statement I desire to make a denial, both general and particular. It is true that I was at Lexington; but I saw nothing there calculated to mitigate my previous aversion to slavery; nor did I ever acknowledge to anybody that I had been mistaken 'egregiously,' or otherwise."

It is true also that I was at Louisville for a single day, cheered by pleasant hospitality; but I had occasion to express my opinion on slavery only once. If I manifested an 'agreeable surprise' at anything, it was at the thorough-bred cattle, the woodland pastures and the blue grass, which are the pride of Kentucky. There was a 'surprise' of a different character which I could not fail to manifest, at another place, when I witnessed the disgusting sale of human beings on the steps of a court-house; and the honorable Kentucky who was with me cannot have forgotten the pain and indignation which I was unable to repress."

It is not my habit to notice assaults on my opinions or public course, but I am unwilling that gross misstatements of fact, like those you have circulated, should pass without a point-blank contradiction. I am, Sirs, your obedient servant,

CHARLES SUMNER.

TRIBUTE TO STEPHEN S. FOSTER.

The following well-deserved tribute is from the London *Anti-Slavery Advocate* for November, where it appears as an introduction to an extract from one of Mr. Foster's late speeches:

STEPHEN S. FOSTER.—When the history of the anti-slavery enterprise shall be written at some future day, man will be made more noble by the moral courage and devotedness of life and talents to the cause than Stephen S. Foster. Among the most prominent laborers in the lecture field, this gentleman and Mr. Pillsbury (now in England) has faced, for many long years, the violence of mobs, the fury of politicians, and the apologetics of slavery fear and hate them, as they have the staff of which the truly great men and benefactors of mankind in all ages are made."

From the Richmond (Va.) Whig.

THE AMERICAN PARTY.

The American party, which is the most conservative and national of all Northern parties—unless the handful of Hards and Straight Whigs may constitute an exception—has exhibited a strength and a determination in the late election, of which the most sanguine of its friends had hardly dreamed. It presents a bold, compact front, in opposition to sectionalism and Sewardism; and upon

the Governor of Georgia recommends the withdrawal of that State from the Union, in case Kansas is not admitted as a slave State. This is in his annual message, on Monday last. Wonder if any northern Governor will propose to withdraw from the Union, if Kansas is not admitted as a slave State? We trust not. A great exodus of Union-worshippers would go up to heaven in the latter case, but nothing will be said of the former. Such is the difference between the South and the North. —*Salem Observer*.

THE LIBERATOR.

BOSTON, NOVEMBER 26, 1855.

THE pamphlet—of historical interest and value—containing the Proceedings of the Anti-Slavery Meeting held in Stacy Hall, 46 Washington Street, Boston, on the Twentieth Anniversary of the Mob of 'Gentlemen of Property and Standing,' Oct. 21, 1835, is now ready for delivery at the Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill, containing the speeches of Messrs. Phillips, Parker, Higginson, Garrison, Wright, &c. Price 20 cents; and 17 cents by the dozen.

From the valuable Appendix, we copy in another column some Reminiscences pertaining to that memorable event by Mr. WILLIAM C. NELL. Below, we republish an extract from a letter sent to us at that time by GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq. It is one of the finest specimens of rhetorical eloquence and lofty diction, as well as of graphic delineation and sublime reproof, to be found in the English language.

THE BOSTON MOB OF OCTOBER 21, 1835.

BY GEORGE THOMPSON, ESQ.

"A mob in Boston! and such a mob!!! Thirty ladies completely routed, and a board six feet by two utterly demolished, by three thousand or four thousand respectable ruffians, in broad daylight and broadcloth! Glorious achievement! and, as it deserved to be, regularly gazetted! Indeed, this noble army of gentlemanly savages had all the customary adjuncts of civilized warfare. There were 'Posts,' and 'Centinels,' and 'Couriers,' and a 'Gazette,' and a 'Herald,' too, to celebrate their praise!"

"A mob in Boston! The birth-place of the Revolution—the Cradle of Liberty! A mob in Washington! Street, Boston, to put down FREE DISCUSSION!"

"Hang be the heavens with black!"

Shrouded in midnight be the height of Bunker! Let the bells of the Old South and Brattle Street be muffled, and let the knell of the country's heaviest hour and liberty be rung! Ye hoary veterans of the Revolution! clothe yourselves in sackcloth! strew ashes on your heads, and mourn your country's downfall!"

"For what wilt the patriot here? For Greece a blush—for Greece a tear!"

Would that you had died, ere the sad truth was demonstrated, that you fought and bled in vain!

"A mob in Boston! O, tell it not in St. Petersburg! publish it not in the streets of Constantinople! But it will be told; it will be published. The damning fact will ring through all the haunts of despotism, and will be a cordial to the heart of Metetrich, sweet music in the ears of the haughty Czar, and a prophetic note of triumph to the sovereign Pontiff. What American lip will henceforth dare to breathe a sentence of condemnation against the bulls of the Pope, or the edicts of the Autocrat? Should tongue was in affected sympathy for the denationalized Pole, the outlawed Greek, the wretched Serf, or any of the priest-ridden or king-ridden victims of Europe, will not a voice come thundering over the billows—

"'Base hypocrites! let your charity begin at home! Look at your own Carolina! Go, pour the balm of consolation into the broken hearts of your two millions of enslaved children! Rebuke the murderers of Vicksburg! Reckon with the felons of Charleston! Restore the contents of rifled mail-bags! Heal the lacerations, still festering, on the ploughed backs of your citizens! Dissolve the star-chambers of Virginia! Tell the confederated assassins of Alabama and Mississippi to disband! Call to judgment the barbarians of Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and New York, and Concord, and Haverhill, and Lynn, and Montpelier, and the well-dressed mobocrats of Utica, and Salem, and Boston! Go, ye praters about the soul-destroying ignorance of Romanism, gather again the scattered shards of Canterbury and Canaan! Get the clerical minions of Southern taskmasters to rescind their 'Resolutions' of withholding knowledge from immortal Americans! Rend the veil of legal enactments, by which the beams of light divine are hidden from millions who are left to grope their way through darkness here to everlasting blackness beyond the grave! Go, shed your 'patriotic' tears over the infamy of your country, amid the ruins of yonder Convent! Go, proud and sentimental Bostonians, preach clemency to the respectable horde who are dragging forth for immolation one of your own citizens! Censure your anathemas against the Vatican, and screw your courage up to resist the worse than papal bulls of Georgia, demanding, at the peril of your 'bread and butter,' the 'heads' of your citizens, and the passage of Gag-Laws! Before your lips at arbitrary power in foreign regions, save your own citizens from the felonious interception of their correspondence; and teach the sworn and paid servants of the Republic the obligations of an oath, and the guaranteed rights of a free people! Send not your banners to Poland, but tear them into shreds, to be distributed to the mob, as halsters for your sons!"

When, next July, you rail at mitres, and croziers, and sceptres, and denounce the bowstring, and the bayonet, and the fagot, let your halls be decorated with plumed soldiers, wet with the blood of the sons of the Pilgrims—let the tar cauldron smoke—the gibbet rear aloft its head—and cats, and bloodhounds, (the brute auxiliaries of Southern Liberty men,) howl and bark in unison with the demoniac ravings of a 'gentlemanly mob'—while above the Orator of the day, and beneath the striped and starchy banner, stand forth in characters of blood, the distinctive mottoes of the age:

DOWN WITH DISCUSSION!
LYNCH LAW TRIUMPHANT!
SLAVERY FOR EVER!
HAIL, COLUMBIA!

Before you weep over the wrongs of Greece, go wash the gore out of your national shambles—appease the frantic mother, robbed of her only child, the centre of her hopes, and joys, and sympathies—restore to your desolate husband the wife of his bosom—abolish the slave marts of Alexandria, the human flesh auctions of Richmond and New Orleans—undo the heavy burdens, 'break every yoke,' and stand forth to the gaze of the world, not steeped in infamy and rank with blood, but in the posture of penitence and prayer, a free and regenerated nation!"

"Such, truly, are the bitter reproaches which every breeze from a distant land might be justly freighted. How long—in the name of outraged humanity I ask, how long shall they be deserved? Are the people greedy of a world's execration? or have they any sense of shame—any blush of patriotism left? Each day the flagrant inconsistency and gross wickedness of the nation are becoming more widely and correctly known. Already, on foreign shores, the lovers of corruption and despotism are referring with

"See the accounts, in Southern newspapers, of a 'curious mode of punishment' recently introduced, called 'Gagging.' The victim is stretched upon his face, and a cat, thrown upon his bare shoulders, is dragged to the bottom of the back. This is continued till the body is 'lacerated.'"

The *Vicksburg (Miss.) Register* says that Mr. Earl, one of the victims of mobocracy in Mississippi, was tortured a whole night to elicit confession. The brutal and hellish torturers laid Mr. Earl upon his face, and drew a cat tail foremost across his body! He hung himself soon after in jail."

See also the accounts of the Mississippi martyrs given by a correspondent of the *Madison Courier*, dated his letter *Tyler* (who appropriate) Bayron, Madison County, Miss. The following is an extract:—"Andrew Boyd, a constable, was required by the Committee of Safety, and Mr. Dickerson, Hiram Reynolds, and Hiram Perkins (since killed) were ordered to arrest him. They discovered he was flying, and immediately commenced pursuit with a pack of trained hounds. He miraculously escaped his pursuers, after swimming Big Black River, and running through cane-brakes and swamps until nightfall, when the party called on him. He was seized, and the hounds, the chase, and made one mile from whence they had called off the dogs. But he effected his escape on horse, (horse throwing him in his way), the hounds not being accustomed to that training, after he quit the boat."

exultation to the recent bloody dramas in the South, and the pro-slavery meetings and mobs of the country generally, in proof of 'the dangerous tendency of Democratic principles.' How long shall the deeds of America drag the wheels of the car of Union Freedom? Vain is every boast—acts speak louder than words. While

"Columbia's sons are bought and sold!"

while citizens of America are murdered without trial, while persons and property are at the mercy of a mob; while city authorities are obliged to make concessions to a bloody-minded multitude, and finally inaccrurate unoffending citizens to save them from a violent death; while 'gentlemen of standing and property' are in unholy league to effect the abduction and destruction of a 'foreigner,' the head and front of whose offending is, that he is laboring to save the country from its worst foe; while assemblages of highly respectable citizens, comprising large numbers of the clergy, and some of the judges of the land, are interrupted and broken up, and the houses of God in which they meet attacked in open day by thousands of men, armed with all the implements of demolition; while the entire South presents one great scene of slavery and slaughter; and while the North deeply sympathize with their 'Southern brethren,' sanction their deeds of felony and murder, and obsequiously do their bidding, by hunting down their own fellow-citizens who dare to plead for equal rights; and, finally, while hundreds of the ministers of Christ, of every denomination, are making common cause with the plunderer of his species; yes, these things exist, professions and boasts are 'sounding brass;' men will learn to loathe the name of Republicanism, and deem it synonymous with mob despotism, and the foulest oppression on the face of the globe!"

"A word to the opposers of the cause of emancipation. You must stop in your career of persecution, or proceed to still darker deeds and wider desolations. At present, you have done nothing but help us. You have, it is true, made a sincere, though impotent attempt to please your masters at the South. The Abolitionists have risen, after every attempt to crush them, with greater energy and in greater numbers. They are still speaking; they are still writing; still praying; still weeping, (not over their sufferings, but your sins)—they are working in public and in private, by day and by night—they are sustained by principles you do not (because you will not) understand, principles drawn pure from the throne of God—they have meant to eat which you know not of, and live, and are nourished, and are strong, while you wonder that they do not wither under your frown, and fall into annihilation before the thunderbolts of your wrath. Some of you have conversed with them. What think you of the Abolitionists? of their moral courage—their tact in argument—their knowledge of the Scriptures—their interpretation of the Constitution? Have you found them ignorant? Have you found them weak? Have you not often been driven to your wits' end by the probing questions or ready answers of these silly and deluded women and children? How, then, do you expect to conquer? If finally by the sword, why delay? Commence the work of butchery to-day. Every hour you procrastinate, witnesses an increase of your victims, a defection from your ranks, and an augmentation in numbers and influence of those you wish to destroy. You profess to be republicans. Have you ever asked yourselves what you are doing for the principles you profess to revere? In the name of sacred Liberty, I call upon you to pause. I conjure you,

"By every hallowed name,
That ever led your sires to fame!"

pause, and see whether your present deeds are tending. Be honest—be just—just to yourselves, just to us, before you condemn us, still more, before you seek to destroy us. 'Search us, and know our hearts; try us, and know our thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in us.' Condemn us not unheard. 'Strike, but hear.' Remember, too, that your violence will effect nothing while the liberty of the press remains. While the principles and opinions of Abolitionists, as promulgated in their journals, are carried on the wings of the wind over sea and land, you do but give a wider circulation to those principles and opinions by your acts of violence and blood. You awaken the desire, the determination, to know and understand what 'these babblers say.' Be prepared, therefore, to violate the Constitution by annihilating the Liberty of the Press."

REMINISCENCES.

EN ROUTE FROM PHILADELPHIA TO BOSTON, October 21, 1855.

RESPECTED FRIEND:

Being unavoidably absent from home during your commemoration of the second decade of the Boston or Garrison Mob, I reconciled myself mainly by the fact, that thereby I had the opportunity afforded me of visiting that victim of judicial despotism and slaveholding arbitrariness, PASSMORE WILLIAMSON.

Twenty years ago this day, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, for promulgating the idea of immediate emancipation, was delivered from the murderous hands of a Boston mob, composed of 'gentlemen of property and standing,' into Leverett Street Jail; and at this hour, PASSMORE WILLIAMSON endures martyrdom in Moyamensing Prison for his application of immediate emancipation to Jane Johnson and her two boys from her self-styled owner, John H. Wheeler.

My reflections upon the two historical events of 1835 and 1855, induced my noting down the following reminiscences, hoping space may be found for them in your published report.

I well remember the emphatically cloudy day, October 21, 1835, and the various scenes and incidents which characterized it, shrouding with indelible disgrace and infamy my native city.

A friend of mine then boarded at a house in Boylston street, where, at the tea-table that evening, were assembled many Boston merchants. The Abolition mob was the theme of conversation; and while a majority evinced their proslavery spirit by approving of what had occurred, two gentlemen warmly dissented—one of whom, DAVID TILDEN, Esq., immediately became a subscriber to *The Liberator*, and so continued until his decease, a few years since.

A sister of the coachman who so adroitly eluded the mob, and landed Mr. Garrison safely at the jail, often alluded to the impression made by that hour upon her brother.

I have obtained the following facts from colored Anti-Slavery friends, whose feelings were deeply moved on the occasion.

JOHN T. HILTON accompanied DAVID H. REA (a printer in Cornhill, since deceased) to the meeting. They found the stairs impassable, in consequence of the crowd, and an altercation ensued. Mr. Rea was struck a severe blow by a man who rebuked him for upholding Abolitionists and 'niggers.' He resisted, until the parties were separated by the crowd rushing to seize Garrison in Wilson's Lane. The women came down the stairs amidst the hootings and insults of the mob. Two prominent men were engaged in tearing down the sign. Mr. Hilton heard a printer inform the mob where Garrison was sequestered, in the rear of the building, where he (Mr. H.) went with the rest, to do what he could to rescue him, or, at all events, to be at his side. He saw Mr. Garrison dragged into State street, divested of coat and hat, and did not leave until Sheriff Parkman had him in the City Hall.

JOHN BOYER VASHON, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was an eye-witness to the terrible scene, which was heart-rending beyond his ability ever afterwards to express, as of all living men, JOHN B. VASHON loved WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON most; and this feeling of affection continued, for aught that is known, to the day of his death.

When the mob passed along Washington street, shouting and yelling like madmen, the apprehensions of Mr. Vashon became fearfully aroused. Presently there approached a group which appeared even more infuriated than the rest, and he beheld, in the midst of this furious throng, Garrison himself, led on like a beast to the slaughter. He had been on the field of battle, had faced the cannon's mouth, seen its lightnings flash and heard its thunders roar, but such a sight as this was more than the old citizen soldier could bear, without giving vent to a flood of tears. The next day, the old soldier, who had helped to preserve his country's liberty on the plighted faith of security to his own, but who had lived to witness freedom of speech and of the press stricken down by mob violence, and life itself in jeopardy, because that liberty was asked for him and his, with spirits crushed and faltering hopes, called to administer a word of consolation to the bold and courageous young advocate of immediate and universal emancipation. Mr. Garrison subsequently thus referred to this circumstance in his paper:—"On the day of the riot in Boston, he dined at my house, and the next morning called to see me in prison, bringing with him a new hat for me, in the place of one that was cut in pieces by the knives of men of property and standing."

Rev. JAMES E. CRAWFORD, now of Nantucket, landed on the Boston at the time of the mob, and, walking up State street, suddenly encountered the riotous multitude. On learning that Mr. Garrison was mobbed for words and deeds in behalf of the enslaved colored man, his heart and soul became fully dedicated to the cause of immediate emancipation.

At a meeting of colored citizens, held in Boston, August 27th, 1855, on the subject of Equal School Rights, WILLIAM H. LOGAN alluded to his receiving from Sheriff Parkman, soon after the mob, a pair of pantaloons, (or the remnants thereof), which had been torn from Mr. Garrison during the struggle. Mr. G. being present at the meeting, remarked, that, until that moment, he had never known what became of them.

Imprisonment is a feature of martyrdom with which Abolitionists in the United States have become familiar, especially Mr. Garrison, who, at the bidding of slavery, was, in 1829, incarcerated in Baltimore. But these persecutions are to be accepted as jewels in their crown, as seals of their devotion to the cause of millions now in the prison-house of bondage.

For whose speedy emancipation, I remain, Fraternally yours, WM. C. NELL.

Rev. SAMUEL MAY, JR., General Agent Mass. A. S. Society.

ANTI-SLAVERY COLPORTEUR—AN EXPERIENCE.

MR. EDITOR:—The very general kindness and courtesy with which I have been received on my Tour Mission in the towns of Marlboro', Westboro', Ashland and Hopkinton, make the exceptional cases more striking. It seems to me that there is a marked change in the right direction. In the distribution of some hundreds of tracts in the above named towns, there have been but two rejections of the offered tracts, and only one case of rudeness. This one case, however, was so marked that I am tempted to give it verbatim for the edification of your readers.

The colporteur called at a respectable looking farmhouse in ——. Seated an open door, and hearing voices in that direction, he stepped to the door and called [the attention of the family to the business on hand. The democrat that confronted him was one of the untried—about six feet two in stockings—lean and muscular, sandy hair, and reddish whiskers bristles extending quite round the face.

Colporteur—I am distributing some Anti-Slavery Tracts, and shall be glad to give you one or two, if you will accept of them.

Democrat—Waul! gorry! no—I guess ye'd better carry 'um 'long. Putty business, carrying about these things. (Growling warm.) Darn it! any one ye would grind up a nigger for the sake of the life!

The colporteur passed along, reflecting upon the power of Slavery. It can eat out the heart of the rudest as well as the most polished of the American democracy.

LETTER FROM KANSAS.

HALL OF FREE STATE CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION, TOPEKA, (K. T.) Oct. 29, 1855.

DEAR SIR—I have travelled in the Territory extensively since Gov. Shannon arrived here. I once stated that I believed the Free State men outnumbered the pro-slavery residents, at least five to four. It is changed now. At the very lowest calculation, we are four to one—many maintain, ten to one. The result of Reeder's election has cast a damp on the spirits of the Missourians. They talk less confidently now. The price of shares at Leecompton has fallen! After the 'Barons' looted the seat of Government there, shares were quoted for several days at the Shannon Mission at \$1000. I was offered a share to-day for \$400. But I didn't buy it, and don't intend to! Kansas is given over to Garrison 'hirelings' and the devil. Southerners, who cannot live without having negroes to rule, are leaving the Territory—*bon voyage* to them!—and dough-faces, who were ultra pro-slavery men a few short months ago, are crawling towards us for admission into our 'fanatical,' and 'nigger-tieving,' and 'pauper and crime-polluted' ranks! But, like the darkey who once knuckled for admission, they 'can't get in!'

Gov. Shannon is trying to deny his Westport proslavery speech, and writing elaborate and verbose letters to the *Herald of Freedom*, on red flannel petticoats and other national subjects.

This Convention is composed of men who glory in the name of 'Conservative.' They are 'practical men.' The majority regard Slavery as a question of dollars and cents. The President voted a question of dollars and cents. An effort will be made to pass a Constitution, leaving the question of Slavery or Freedom to be decided by a popular vote, after the admission of Kansas as a State. Dr. Charles Robinson, of Lawrence, is the leader of the least 'Conservative' party here. Several of the opposite party sincerely regard a negro slave as property—just as truly and rightfully as pigs, hard-work or office-seekers are the property of their owners. Dr. Robinson is hardly sound on that subject, I suspect. I believe he holds, to use the language of a Shawnee Baron, 'the vile and pestiferous heresy, which emanated from the foul and putrid sick of Abolitionism, that man cannot hold property in man.' I guess, though, we will pass a Free State Constitution.

Mechanics of all sorts, sizes and—no, not colors—can find work everywhere in the Territory. Can't you try to send a few fanatics out? Plenty of room for them. Sambo nor 'San,' however, are wanted. There is a very strong prejudice against Free Negroes even in the Free State ranks. Yours devotedly,

W. LLOYD GARRISON.

CHRISTIAN EXAMINER. The following are the articles in the November number of this able and valuable work:—

POETRY.

For the Liberator.

AN ENGLISH WOMAN'S VIEW OF SLAVERY.

White women of the Southern States, from lethargy awake!
Awake! arouse your energies, for womanhood's dear sake!
Oh, women of the Southern States, while slavery survives,
You're your lords' harem mistresses; you are not Christian wives.

White matrons of the Southern States, who tremble at your frown!
Your husbands' darker consciences! Is this your marriage crown?
To live among such wretched ones, of sanctity deprives
The tie that binds in wedlock Southern husbands and their wives.

White mothers of the Southern States, till slavery's obnoxious break,
Do not your sons, your hope and pride, their fathers' guilt partake;
Does not that careless mother, who at slavery connives,
Rear her daughters but for harem-chiefs, not pure and holy wives?

White maidens of the Southern States, who grow up loved and free,
Torn from their father-master's house, your darker sisters see!
Oh, share not in the villain-gold that buys those sisters' lives,
Making degraded concubines those God-meant sacred wives.

White women of the Southern States, for womanhood's dear sake,
Bid slavery cease from your fair land; from lethargy awake!
'Tis yours to set the oppressed free—and that glad time arrives,
When only holy ties surround your sanctity as wives.

Kent, (Eng.) Oct., 1855. JANE ASHBY.

For the Liberator.

BROTHERS, AWAKE!

Wake, brothers, wake! for the women are coming,
Their shouts of defiance are borne from afar;
From the green sunny plains of ill-fated Kansas,
Oh, wake, brothers, wake! and prepare for the war!

From the South-land they're coming, those proud tones of triumph,
Defiant and bold they're borne on the gale;
Shall the sons of the North calmly list to such challenge?
Shall slavery 'gainst Freedom and Honor prevail?

They have raised the black banner of blood-stained Oppression,
And thousands are gathered beneath its dark folds;
And Northward its shadows are steadily creeping,
Crushed hearts, blighted homes, are the trophies it holds!

Shall it move o'er our hearthstones, this ensign of darkness?
Shall the foul demon wave round our altars his chains?
Shall the snows of our mountains be crimsoned by bloodhounds,
And the slave-mart pollute with its presence our plains?

Shall our rivers, that waft the rich treasures of commerce,
As proudly they roll on their course to the sea,
Ever bear on their waters that vile thing, a slave-ship,
To hold men in bondage whom God has made free?

And our green hills where peace, love and virtue are dwelling,
And labor with plenty the toiler hath crowned,
Where 'Harvest Home' anthems are making glad echoes,
Shall they e'er to the wall of the bondman resound?

Ah! say not that, in our homes of New England,
Are safe from the tyrant, are free from his power!
E'en now he is coiling his chains close around us—
Shall we stand up like free men, or dastard-like cower?

Shall Liberty's birthright, bequeathed by our fathers,
For Cotton and Union be recklessly sold?
Shall the banner of freedom, to slavery given,
Bear its impress on each and every fold?

Oh, brothers, awake! and, with manly endeavor,
Stem the tide that so swiftly is bearing you on;
Gird on Truth's bright armor, and dream not of resting,
Till Right, over Might, has the victory won!

God speed you, my brothers! and bless each brave freeman,
Who manfully strives 'gainst the legions of Wrong;
The blessings of millions shall be his bright guard,
Though now he may walk with the pale martyr—
throng.

Barre, Mass., Oct., 1855. CARRIE.

For the Liberator.

OUR NATIONAL CRIMES.

Raise ye the sparkling wine-cup high,
And place it to your neighbor's lip;
Ay, bid him drink it to the dregs;
Strengthen hell's claim to every sip!

Place ye the cup in children's hands,
But tell them not it is a sin
To look upon the wine when red,
Or that a serpent lurks therein.

Fill high the bowl, and let it pass
To brother, sister, lover;
And drink ye long, and drink ye deep—
Hell's fiends around you hover!

How long, O God! shall we behold
This demon reign within our land?
How long shall might o'er rule the Right,
And Policy command?

Our 'scutcheon's stained—our honor's gone—
God's image can be bought and sold—
Our boasted freedom's but a name—
Our principles are bought with gold!

A wall comes up from Southern climes,
From woman in her deepest woe;
God hears, and speaks in thunder-tones—
'Will ye not let my people go?'

Our flag floats over Southern seas,
Goes bounding o'er Atlantic's waves,
Proclaiming Liberty to man—
Come—hoists a flag o'er a race of slaves!

Tear down your emblem of the free, (!)
Pluck every feather from his wing!
His flight is clogged by whips and chains!
O, ne'er again Freedom sing!

Reading, Mass., 1855. S. M. SMITH.

NOVEMBER.

Yet one smile more, departing, distant sun!
One mellow smile, through the soft, vapory air,
Ere o'er the frozen earth the loud winds run,
Or snows are sifted o'er the meadows bare.

One smile on the brown hills and naked trees,
And the dark rocks whose summer wreaths are cast,
And the blue gentian flower, that, in the breeze,
Nods lonely, of her beauteous race the last.

Yet a few sunny days, in which the bee
Shall murmur by the hedge that skirts the way,
The cricket chirp upon the russet leas,
And man delight to linger in the ray;

The piercing winter's frosts and winds, and darkened air.
BRYANT.

THE LIBERATOR.

OLIVER, THE STAMP COMMISSIONER OF 1765, AND LORING, THE SLAVE COMMISSIONER OF 1855.

November 8, 1855.

DEAN GARDNER:
The following items illustrate the character of the people of Boston and Massachusetts in 1765 and in 1855. How fallen! It seems incredible that, in ninety years, a change so entire and so should have come over a whole city and State, under circumstances so favorable to progress; especially when it is considered that, during the entire period, one constant shout of praise to liberty for all mankind has ascended to heaven from those very people; and that about has been loud and vehement in proportion as they sank lower and lower into the grovelling vices and tools of slavery.

THE STAMP ACT—the first direct act of tyranny that ended in the Revolution, received the signature of the King, and became a law, March 22, 1765. A copy was received in Boston May 26, 1765, and it was to go into effect Nov. 1, 1765.

The following is the substance of that Act:—Governmental stamps were required to be affixed to all writs and processes of courts, to all entries and clearances of vessels, to all collegiate diplomas, marriage certificates, cards, newspapers, almanacs, wills, deeds, mortgages, and to all documents to which it was necessary to give legal value. No paper was good before the law without a stamp. Mark! the aggression related mainly to property, and was entirely negative in its bearings. Special persons were to be appointed, by the King, in different cities of the colonies, as Commissioners to sell these stamps (ranging in value from a penny to a pound) to all who wished to purchase. ANDREW OLIVER, then acting as Secretary of the Colony, was appointed as the Stamp Commissioner for Boston.

How did the people of Boston and Massachusetts feel and act under this oppression of the King and Parliament? Though bound to their fatherland and its government and people by every tie of kindred and affection, and living with them in closest bonds of union and intimacy, they, at once, planted themselves on the principle of ABOLITION or DISSOLUTION—a bloody revolution, rather than submission to such an Act.

The Act reached Boston May 26th. May 20th, the Legislature met, and on the 8th of June, passed a resolution, proposing to call a Congress of Deputies from all the Colonies, to meet in New York the first Tuesday in October, about one month before the Act was to take effect, to form a plan of general resistance to its execution. Thus the whole State and country, from Maine to Georgia, was to be aroused and placed in an attitude of defiance and open resistance to a law deemed so unjust and odious.

Oliver, meantime, had erected a building on Kilby street, as a stamp office. The people of Boston, in their proud and determined hostility to oppression, brought the matter, at once, to an open issue. August 14th, in open day, they hung Oliver in effigy, on Liberty Tree, then standing on the corner of Essex and Washington streets; and would not allow the minions of the tyrant to take it down. On the evening of the same day, they demolished the Stamp office, just erected by Oliver, each bearing a piece of it to Fort Hill, where they made a bonfire of them.

In September, a large quantity of stamps arrived in Boston. Governor Bernard, finding that Oliver could not safely meddle with them, applied to the General Court to know what to do with them. The Court promptly refused to give any advice or assistance in the matter. So the Governor had to stow them away, and guard them as he best could—none being found base and bold enough to aid in the execution of the hateful law. Through the press, the public assembly, and at every corner and every shop and house, all were assured what would be the doom of him who should accept and execute the odious office of Stamp Commissioner!

The time had come (Nov. 1st) to execute the law. Not one dared attempt it. In December, the people were notified that there was some probability that Oliver would accept the office and attempt to execute the law, though he had previously publicly resigned his commission at the bidding of his fellow-citizens. He was called on publicly to give a decided answer whether 'he was so or not.' By the favor of the printer, he was permitted to reply in the same Gazette. This was not satisfactory to the people of Boston, and a note was sent to him, desiring him to appear under Liberty Tree, on December 16th, at 2 o'clock, P. M., to make a 'public resignation,' and thus, in presence of the people, to purge himself of all just grounds of suspicion.

Accordingly, the *Selectmen*, with the merchants, and the principal inhabitants of Boston, to the amount of two thousand, assembled at the tree at the time appointed. Mr. Oliver sent a note, with compliments to the gentlemen assembled, containing a proposition to have the ceremony performed in the town-house; but that not being agreeable, he came up to the tree, and declared as follows:—

'Whereas, a declaration was yesterday inserted, in my name, and at my desire, in some of the Boston newspapers, that I would not act as distributor of the stamps within this Province, which declaration, I am informed, is not satisfactory;—

'I do hereby, in the most explicit manner, declare that I have never taken any measure, in consequence of my denunciation for that purpose, to act in the office, and that I never will, directly or indirectly, by myself or any under me, make use of the said denunciation, or take any measures for enforcing the Stamp Act in America, which is so grievous to the people.

Boston, 17th December, 1765.

ANDREW OLIVER, Secy.
The Honorable Andrew Oliver, Esq., subscriber to the above writing, made out to the same.

(Signed,) D. DANIEL,
Justice of the Peace.

Still more fully to assure the people of Boston, then assembled under Liberty Tree, that he had not been, and never would be, guilty of an act so mean, so wicked, and so false to liberty as that of aiding to execute a law so unjust and tyrannical as the Stamp Act, Mr. Oliver made a speech to them, and said:—

'He had an utter detestation of the Stamp Act, and would do all that lay in his power to serve this town or province, and desired that they would no longer look upon him as an enemy, but as another man.'

The above is taken from the 'History of Boston,' and it is added, 'Mr. Oliver was highly respected for his piety, integrity, and knowledge of the affairs of the Province.'

Such were Boston and Massachusetts in 1765. They would not allow a law, imposing on them, without their consent, a tax of a penny stamp, to be executed on their soil. They resisted it unto death. Nor would they allow a man to live in their midst who was suspected of being willing to execute it. He who would be willing to aid in executing the Stamp Act, was accounted a criminal so base, unprincipled and dangerous, as to be unfit to live in their midst; and they caused the Stamp Commissioner to appear before all the people under LIBERTY TREE, and there resign his commission, and assure them with an oath that he would not, directly nor indirectly, aid in a deed so base as the DISTRIBUTION OF STAMPS. Resistance to such tyrants they deemed obedience to God. They were noble men; their object was worthy and just; and with a noble daring they pursued it, though poverty, prisons and death were before them.

Ninety years after that glorious deed, in 1855, what do we now see in Boston and Massachusetts? A SLAVE COMMISSIONER!—E. G. LORING—a man volunteering his services to execute the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850—a law which renders any man, woman or child of Boston and Massachusetts liable, as an accomplice, to be seized, and tried without a jury, on the issue, to be a freeman, or a slave—a man, or a chattel—and to be dragged into a slavery, 'one hour of which is more intolerable than ages of that which our fathers (of 1765) rose in rebellion to oppose'—is allowed to live in

Boston, to execute that infernal law, and actually to seize and consign the citizens of Boston and the State to the bell of slavery. That Slave Commissioner—that tool of kidnappers—that base, unprincipled slave-hunter, lives in all honor in the midst of the people of Boston and Massachusetts, and is allowed, as Judge of Probate, to have the care of their widows and orphans, the children of those who would not allow a Stamp Commissioner to live in their midst. They have fallen so low as to allow a Slave Commissioner to dwell among them, and to hold the office of Judge! And now they have just elected the man to be their Governor, who, alone, is responsible for the presence of that slave-hunting Judge on the soil of Massachusetts. No matter what may have been their wish or act last winter as to the removal of that bloodhound of the Slave Power, every man who voted for Gardner at the recent election, endorsed his act in refusing to remove Loring, and every one of them is responsible for the presence of the kidnapper of Anthony Burns on the bench of the Judiciary of Massachusetts.

Where were the Rev. Doctors, Rogers, Gannett, Dewey and Spring, of 1765, to pray and preach the people into submission to the Stamp Act? Not one was found. Not one was found to counsel forbearance toward the Stamp Office, or the Stamp Commissioner. Now, how changed! Slave Commissioners, kidnappers, are members of churches—are recognized as honest men and good Christians, and our Doctors of Divinity are their apologists, and the firmest supporters of the Fugitive Slave Law!

What have the Union and the Churches and Government, the ministers and politicians done for Massachusetts and Boston? In ninety years, they have dragged down the people from that high and noble position in which they would not submit to a Stamp Act, to a position in which they can tamely and basely submit to a Fugitive Slave Law; they have so bewildered and benumbed the moral sense and spirit of freedom, that where, in 1765, a peeler of stamps could not be endured, in 1855, slave-hunters and slave-catchers are tolerated and honored!

How inconceivably insignificant are politicians and priests, churches and governments, as means of the elevation and happiness of human beings! On the contrary, how potent they are to undermine the morals, the noble daring and heroism of a people, and render them, like our Loring, our Carvers, our Spragues, our Webster, our Kanes and McLeans, the willing allies and cringing tools of woman-whippers and cradle-plunderers!

When will the people of Boston meet in Faneuil Hall, the Liberty Tree of 1855, and there compel Loring, Sprague, Curtis and Hallett to appear before them, and there, under the sanction of an oath, pledge themselves never more to aid in executing the Fugitive Slave Law? Never, while the present Union exists—never, while they basely prostrate their poor souls before slaveholding government, and a slaveholding God. But one alternative is before Massachusetts; i. e., the must say—No officer of a slaveholding, slave-hunting government shall execute his office on her soil—or, the must consent to have her citizens bought, and sold, and held as slaves in her midst. A SLAVE-AUCTION ON STATE STREET—or, NO UNION WITH SLAVE-HOLDERS!

People of Massachusetts! Are you prepared for the issue? Trust not your politicians nor your priests. They have always betrayed you—they always will; the former, to save the Union; the latter, to save the Church. Now, slavery and liberty are recognized as having an equal claim to the protection of your politics and your religion, your government and your God. Hitherto, in every department of life involving liberty and slavery, you have recognized the justice of this fatal claim, and according to kidnappers the same consideration which you have to true and honest men. But one step is before you—NO UNION WITH SLAVE-HOLDERS; or, AN ABSOLUTE ONENESS WITH THEM—an eternal DIVORCE; or, an indissoluble MARRIAGE between Liberty and Slavery—between justice and the earth's most unscrupulous, malignant oppressors. Will you not retire the long-forgotten and unheeded battle-cry of 1765—RESISTANCE TO TYRANTS IS OBEDIENCE TO GOD?

HENRY C. WRIGHT.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR.

MR. EDITOR:
In looking over the Report of the Commission on Lunacy, of 1854, on p. 52, I find the following:—

'NATURE OF POVERTY. In this connection, it is worth while to look somewhat at the nature of poverty, its origin, and its relation to man and to society. It is usually considered as a single outward circumstance—the absence of worldly goods; but this is not a mere incident in this condition—only one of its manifestations. Poverty is an inward principle, enrooted deep within the man, and running through all his elements; it reaches his body, his health, his intellect, and his moral powers as well as his estate. In one or other of these elements it may predominate, and in that alone he may seem poor; but it usually involves more than one of the elements, often the whole. Hence we find that, among those whom the world calls poor, there is less than among those who are called rich, more of the weakness, more early death, a diminished longevity. There are also less self-respect, ambition, and hope; more idleness and insanity, and more crime, than among the independent.'

Now, Mr. Editor, among a people whom 'the world' so fully agreed in pronouncing poor and shiftless as the free colored population of Massachusetts and the North, we should expect to find a very large proportion of insane and idiotic persons. How stands the fact?

On page 114, we find the following:—

'There is, then, one lunatic among every four hundred and twenty-seven, and one idiot among every one thousand and thirty-four, and one of either of these classes among every three hundred and two of the people of Massachusetts.'

Regarding the nativity of the people and the patients, among the natives, the lunatics were one in four hundred forty-six, and the idiots one in eight hundred and eighty-nine, and one of both in two hundred and thirty-five of the Americans. Among the foreigners, the lunatics were one in three hundred and eighty-four, and the idiots one in seven thousand nine hundred and thirty-one, and one of both in three hundred and sixty-seven of the strangers.

Among the lunatics were one in ONE THOUSAND AND TWENTY-FIVE, the idiots one in NINE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE, and both classes one in FOUR HUNDRED AND EIGHTY-FIVE of this race.'

It would seem, then, from these statements of the Commission, that the colored population of Massachusetts is not so innately poor and degraded as 'the world' has so unanimously voted them. A word to the wise is sufficient.

D. S. W.

NARRATIVE OF JOHN HOLMES.

Extracted from the new and highly interesting work just published by John P. Jewett & Co., Boston, entitled 'THE REFUGEE; or, the Narratives of Fugitive Slaves in Canada—related by themselves. By BENJAMIN DREW.'

My name in slavery was John Clifton. I belonged originally in Hanover Co., Va. My treatment was so bad, I hate to say anything about it. Slaves were not allowed to open a book where I came from: they were allowed to go to meeting, if the master gave them a pass—some have that privilege, and some do not. My owners never gave me a hat, a low coat, or a pair of shoes. When I got big enough, I worked nights to get me a hat and some clothes. There was one physician there, who I know as well as I know myself, who flogged one woman till the skin was off her back, and then whipped the skin off her feet. One neighbor of ours was worse than the evil one wanted him to be. He used to make a married man get out of his bed in the morning, and he would go and get into it. What I have seen, I seldom say anything about, because people would not believe it,—they would not believe that people could be so hard-hearted. They whipped so much, I couldn't tell any particular reason for it. When they cowed, they would sound at the time the clocks were rung, and all had to start to the field: if any remained after this, the overseer would go in and whip them. Daylight never caught us in the

house. Then the overseer would get on his horse, and ride to the field; and if any one came in after he had, he would apply the lash—perhaps fifty, perhaps a hundred. I have seen the women jump for the door, and shut the door, and the overseer would come, and a petticoat wrapped over their shoulders, to dress in the field the best way they could. The head magistrate of that county (L—) was about the hardest of any of 'em. When I came away, one of his men had negroes in his back. His brother E— was not so hard,—he was kind to the poor. And his brother was very hard toward his wife, his slaves, and everybody else. His name was B— J—. He was so hard he couldn't live any longer—he killed himself by drinking a quart of brandy from a case-bottle—a case-bottle full. Next morning he was dead. This was before I came away, and I left in 1825. I don't think I could tell the name of the slave who owned their age. There were but two that I know of, who used their people any way decent.

There was young T— P— who had overseers who would kill his people with no more conscience than one would kill a snake. T— P— was so bad, he wouldn't give his people Sunday. He had two or three dogs. One day he sent his dog to the field to pack up, and travel Sunday to his farm, so as to be ready for work Monday morning. He had one overseer named L—, who called himself a 'bull dog,' and said he could manage any nigger. They allow eight ears of corn for a horse at noon. A young man was about feeding a horse: L— says, 'How many ears have you got?' 'I didn't count them,' said the young man. 'There were ten ears just for that,' L— seized a flail, and struck the young man, breaking two of his ribs—he hit him with the flail until he found the young man was dying—then he sent for the doctor. The doctor said, 'Why did you kill this man, and then send me for me?' I knew the young man and knew the doctor. The last came, I was out.

The first time I was shot, my young master, Dr— (who had married one of the girls) and I got into a skirmish. I was in the kitchen before anybody was up. He came in and wanted to know what I was doing in the house? Why I didn't go to work? He says, 'If you don't go out and get to work, I'll shoot you.' I said, 'I don't want to go to work, and come up to the house—I'll show you where you can hit up a potato patch.' I went, got my hoe, and came back. Then he had been to the stable, and got leading lines, a whip, and his gun. He knew I would let him whip me, because I had always fought like a tiger when he was whipping me. I went to the field, and he followed me. I made me take off my jacket. He left the whip and gun inside the door, and said, 'Come in here.' I had not seen then the lines, whip, or gun. He took up the lines, and came by as if he was going out—when he got near the whip and gun, he turned—'Take off your shirt, I'll hit you a hundred lashes this morning.' I was so scared, I ran to the door, and he came in and wanted to know what I was doing in the house? Why I didn't go to work? He says, 'If you don't go out and get to work, I'll shoot you.' I said, 'I don't want to go to work, and come up to the house—I'll show you where you can hit up a potato patch.' I went, got my hoe, and came back. Then he had been to the stable, and got leading lines, a whip, and his gun. He knew I would let him whip me, because I had always fought like a tiger when he was whipping me. I went to the field, and he followed me. I made me take off my jacket. He left the whip and gun inside the door, and said, 'Come in here.'

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